

O S E



S I V E.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1805.

NOVELIST.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

[Concluded from page 178.]

NATURE, to whom we owe every thing, had given him a talent which was soon developed with astonishing success, it was that of singing in a very agreeable manner. The graces of youth, joined to this superior talent, were considered as infallible prognostics of his future greatness. He was beloved by the women; and having his head filled with songs, he composed some for his mistresses. But as there were always in his verses, a greater or smaller number of feet than was proper, he procured some person to correct them, at the rate of 20 louis d'ors a song; and in *L'annee litteraire* he was ranked with the *la Fares*, the *Chalieux*, the *Hamiltons*, the *Sarrasins*, and the *Voitures*.

The Marchioness imagined that she was the mother of one of the greatest wits of the age, and gave suppers to all the wits of Paris. The young man's brain was soon intoxicated; he acquired the art of talking without understanding himself, and perfected himself in the habit of being fit for nothing. When his father found him so eloquent, he regretted that he had not learned Latin, for he would have purchased a high office for him in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were more exalted, took upon herself to solicit the command of a regiment for her son, and she in the mean time, made love. Love sometimes costs more than a regiment. He dissipated large sums of money, while his parents were expending still more in living in the style of great noblemen.

A young widow of quality, a neighbor of theirs, who possessed but a moderate fortune, condescended to form a

resolution to place the large fortune of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in safety, by wedding it and the young Marquis. She attracted him to her house, suffered him to love her, evinced that she did not regard him with indifference, led him on gradually, charmed him, subjugated him without difficulty. She sometimes praised him, at others gave him advice; she became the best friend of the father and mother. An ancient neighbor proposed the marriage; the parents, dazzled with the splendor of this alliance, joyfully accepted the proposition, they gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young Marquis was about to marry a woman, whom he adored, and by whom he was beloved; the friends of the family offered him their felicitations, the marriage articles were about to be drawn the wedding garments were ordered, the epithalamium was composed.

He was, one morning, at the feet of the charming spouse, whom love, esteem and friendship were about to bestow upon him;—in a tender and animated conversation, they enjoyed by anticipation, the happiness to which they were destined; they were making the necessary arrangements for a life of pleasure and delight, when one of Madame de la Jeannotiere's servants arrives with terror painted on his countenance. Here is strange news, said he; constables are employed in stripping the house of Monsieur and Madame; every thing is seized by their creditors; even an arrest is talked of, and I am going to exert myself to secure my wages. Let us look a little into this business, said the marquis, let us see what kind of an adventure this is. Yes, said the widow, go and punish those scoundrels, go quickly. He hastens to his father's house, he arrives there; his father is already im-

soned all the domestics had fled, carrying with them all that they were able. His mother was alone, destitute of assistance, deprived of consolation, bathed in tears: nothing remained to her, but the recollection of her fortune, of her beauty, of her faults and foolish extravagance.

After the son had for a long time mingled his tears with those of the mother, he at length said to her: let us not despair: this young widow loves me to distraction: she is still more generous than rich. I answer for her; I fly to her, and will conduct her hither. He then returns to his mistress: he finds her tete-a-tete with a very amiable young officer. What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, what brings you here? do you thus abandon your mother? go to that poor woman, and tell her that she has always my good wishes; I have need of a chamber maid, and will give her the preference. My lad, said, the officer, thy person appears to be tolerably good: if thou wilt enlist in my company, I will give thee a good place.

The marquis, stupefied, enraged, went to the house of his old tutor, made him the depositary of his misfortunes, and asked his advice. He advised him to become a tutor.—Alas! said he, with a deep sigh, I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortune. Write novels, said a wit who was present, it is an excellent resource at Paris.

The young man, in a fit of frenzy, ran to his mother's confessor: he was a theatine monk of high repute, who directed the consciences of none but women of the first rank: as soon as he saw him he flew towards him: my God, marquis, where is your coach? How is your respectable mother, the Marchioness? The poor wretch related to him the misfortune of his family. As he pro-

ceeded in his explanations, the theatre assumed an air more grave, more indifferent, more imposing: my son this is the situation in which God's will has placed you: riches serve but to corrupt the heart.—God has then been so gracious to your mother as to reduce her to beggary?—Yes, sir.—So much the better, she is sure of salvation.—But in the interval father, are there no means of obtaining succour in this world?—Adieu, my son, a lady of the court waits for me.

The marquis almost swooned; he was treated nearly in the same manner by his friends, and acquired more knowledge of the world in half a day, than he had in all the rest of his life.

Plunged in the depth of despair, he saw an antique chaise approaching him, a kind of covered tumbrel, garnished with leathern curtains, followed by four enormous waggons loaded with goods. In the chaise there was a young man, coarsely clad; his face was round and fresh, it breathed gentleness and good humor. His little wife, a brunette, and possessing rather homely charms, was jolted along side of him. The carriage did not fly with the rapidity of a petit-maitre's chariot. The traveller had leisure to observe the marquis motionless, overwhelmed with grief. My God! cried he, I believe that is Jeannot. At the sound of this voice, the marquis lifts his eyes, the chaise stops; it is Jeannot himself, it is Jeannot. The plump little man makes but one leap, and flies to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recognized Colin: shame and tears covered his countenance. Thou hast abandoned me, said Colin, but although thou art a great nobleman, I will always love thee. Jeannot, confused and melted, related to him with sighs, a part of his history. Come to the inn, at which I lodge, said Colin, and tell me the sequel; embrace my little wife, and let us go and dine together. They all three proceed on foot, followed by the baggage what is all this train? does it belong to you?—Yes, it is all mine and my wife's. We are just arrived from home; I am at the head of a large manufactory of iron and copper. I am married to the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who trades in articles necessary for the great and the humble; our trade is extensive: God is bountiful to us; we have not changed our situation, we are happy, we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be

no longer a marquis; all the grandeur of this world is not worth a good friend. Thou shalt go home with me. I will teach thee the trade, it is not very difficult; thou shalt have a share in the business, and we will live happily together, in that corner of the earth where we were born.

Jeannot, agitated, confused, felt emotions in which grief and joy, tenderness and shame were mingled; and he said to himself in a low tone of voice; all my gay and polished friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I have treated with contempt, alone comes to my relief. What a lesson! The generosity of Colin develops in the heart of Jeannot the germe of that good natural disposition, which the world had not yet destroyed. He felt that he would not abandon his father and mother. We will take care of thy mother, said Colin; and as to thy good father who is in prison, I understand business a little; his creditors seeing that he has nothing left, will compound for a trifle; I take every thing upon myself. Colin effected the enlargement of his father. Jeannot returned to his native place with his parents, who resumed their former profession. He married the sister of Colin; who being like her brother, of an excellent disposition, made Jeannot perfectly happy. And Jeannot the father, and Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, saw that happiness is not to be found in vanity.

MISCELLANY.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A FRAGMENT.

"HAVE pity on a wretched orphan," was the cry of a young girl, who by her appearance seemed to have moved in a higher circle than the one I beheld her in; the tears trickling down her careworn cheeks, and her bosom heaving with sighs, that seemed to rend the heart from whence they came, as she addressed a beautiful young creature, whose eye glistened with the drop of humanity as she surveyed her. My sensibility induced me to draw nearer, for the purpose of hearing their discourse.

"Have you no friends?" was the question. "Alas! Madam, I had a father, who fell in the battles of his country. I was brought up from my infancy with the tenderest care. This shock overwhelmed us. The affliction

of my mother, at the dreadful news, is impossible to describe: nature could not stand the blow; like a drooping lily, she withered and died. Oh! Madam, had you seen her on her death-bed, what tender anxiety she expressed towards me, with what a degree of affection she pressed me to her throbbing heart!—Alas! that heart will never beat more—while her last expiring look was bent towards heaven, as she clasped me in her arms, as if she seemed to supplicate the Divine Being to protect me—Ah! now she's gone. Our little all was seized by merciless creditors; and friendless, and unprotected I'm doomed to wander, a prey to misery and fatigue."

With a countenance that beamed humanity and gentleness, while the pearly drops of sensibility ran down her "damask cheek," she relieved the distresses of the wretched girl; whilst the humble mendicant, with difficulty, articulated, "God bless you," in such a tender, melancholy, impressive tone, that immediately spoke to the feelings—"God bless you," seemed to be borne on every breeze. 'Tis impossible to describe how affected I was. Suffice it to say, I did what a man of humanity and honor ought to do. She is now in a place, secure from every evil.

The unhappy Mistake, or Silence not Wisdom.

SO common is the desire to have a *Quiet, Humble Fool* for a wife, that a gentleman in the country, a learned doctor of the laws, who had studied books more than the human heart, imagined that he wanted a wife: but then he must have one that would not talk much.

Accordingly he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he laid it down as an uncontrovertable maxim, that a sensible, well informed woman, would necessarily talk him to death. Having examined for some time his various female acquaintances, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter out of five of a neighboring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sat in solemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her eldest sisters, who were supposed to have a great deal more sense than her, were talking away with all their might.

The good doctor, intimated to the mother, that he wished to have her daughter Nancy as his wife. The mother was not sorry to hear this, for she had a large family and could not give them much fortune; wherefore, she at once told the profound suitor, that he should have Nancy. She immediately apprised the girl of the intended manœuvre and without more ado, this happy couple were united in the bonds of wedlock.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went with a doleful face of complaint to the mother, setting forth that her daughter's tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in the twenty-four when she slept, and begged earnestly to know what could be done; for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking, in a word, from doing any single thing which might procure him ease or comfort, and that he verily believed he should shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack.

The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied, "My dear doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you. My daughter Nancy is a very weak and ignorant girl, and therefore will naturally talk when she has an opportunity, for those who think least, generally talk the most. But while she was at home, her elder sisters and I, well knowing that if she ever opened her mouth nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent until she was married, or she would never get a husband.—The girl therefore is not to blame: she cannot, owing to her dullness and ignorance, be expected to be able to derive any comfort from silence because only those who can think, that is, those who have cultivated minds, can enjoy silence; and she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, she is in the right now she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can.

"Depend upon it, sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet if she can help it; and as she knows nothing, she must talk nonsense. And this is so obvious I wonder learned men have never yet found it out. We women know very well, that in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have re-

sources in ourselves, and can enjoy silence; but when we know nothing and have nothing to say, we must always be talking. Had you not chosen to yourself, and pitched upon the weakest and most silly of all my daughters, but had you told me that you wanted a companion for life, and asked me which of the girls was the most likely to render a man happy and respectable, I would have told you at once, that my second daughter, Betsey, was the woman, because she has the most sense."

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

A FOOLISH HUSBAND.

IF you have any regard for your happiness, any hope of preserving your fortunes, or restoring them after any disaster, never ladies, marry a fool; any husband rather than a fool: with some other husband you may be unhappy, but with a fool you will be miserable; with another husband you may, I say, be unhappy, but with a fool you must; nay, if he would, he cannot make you easy; every thing he does is so awkward, every thing he says is so empty, a woman of any sense cannot but be surfeited and sick of him many times a day. What is more shocking than for a woman to bring a handsome, comely fellow of a husband into company, and then be obliged to blush for him every time she hears him speak! To hear other gentlemen talk sense, and he be able to say nothing! and so look like a fool or which is worse, hear him talk nonsense, and be laughed at for a fool.

In the next place there are so many sorts of fools, such an infinite variety of fools and so hard it is to know the worst of that kind, that I am obliged to say, no fool, ladies, at all, no kind of fool; whether a mad fool, a sober fool, a wise fool, or a silly fool; take any thing but a fool: nay, be any thing, be even an old maid, the worst of nature's curses, rather than take up with a fool.

THE SEDUCER.

"Aye, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with your baseness.".....

SHAKESPEARE.

Who is yon meager, ruined wretch,
pressed down by disease and covered
with shame and confusion? Sure 'tis

no human being. The Almighty never stamped his image on a form so forbidding. Hush stranger! cease thy cruel animadversions on the victim of villainy. Turn thy eye for a moment and behold the reverse. Seest thou yon sprightly coxcomb, glittering in the sun beams of prosperity and hastening with eagerness from pleasure to pleasure? He is her seducer: in an unguarded moment he triumphed o'er her virtue, he broke his faith and left her to brood o'er her misery in penury and want. Disease, like a corroding canker preys on her vitals, and she will ere long be added to her native dust. Stranger, you weep at her misfortunes, your tears are unavailing. Her fate is determined. Her penitence is accepted, and she shall yet be happy. Go warn thy prattling innocents of their future danger! Go! shew them this picture of misery; and when they inquire the cause tell them a lordly brute fixed his cruel fangs on the object of their pity; tell them she once was as gay, as lovely, as innocent, and as happy as they now are; but she was betrayed and her fond expectations blasted forever.

[*Lit. Olio.*]

HENRY.

Lancaster, May 1, 1805.

*Hail! ev'ry pair whom love unites,
In Hymen's pleasing ties;
That endless source of pure delights,
That blessing of the wise.*

MARRIED, on Thursday the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Mr. Joshua Lamburn, of Chester county, to Miss Jane Kirk, daughter of Mr. Jacob Kirk, of Lampeter township, Lancaster county.

—, On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Mr. John Meyer, of York-Town, to Miss Margaret Krug, daughter of Jacob Krug, Esq. of this borough.

*Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er,
The chambers of the dead ye fly!
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more,
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.*

DIED, on Sunday the 21st ultimo, in the 22d year of his age, Mr. Samuel Grubb, son of the late Curtis Grubb, Esq.

—, Same day, in the 45th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Evans, late a respectable inhabitant of Donegal township, Lancaster county.

—, On Saturday the 13th ultimo, Mr. Samuel Williams, son of Mr. George Williams, of York county, lately a student in Franklin College.

POETRY.

THE FOUNDLING.

[On seeing a beautiful infant about a month old, in the arms of a lady, at whose door it had been left about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, March 25, 1804, neatly clothed, and carefully wrapped to defend it from the cold: Accompanied also by a letter, in which were strongly portrayed the grief and distraction of the unhappy mother, on being compelled thus to abandon her child; and earnestly imploring on its behalf, that protection which, from desertion and distress of circumstances, it was no longer in her power to afford.]

Oh what a piteous sight is there
The helpless victim of despair,
In mercy's lap reclin'd.
Poor, blameless child of woe!
Thou dost not yet thy sufferings know,
Nor know thy patrons kind.

Alas! what guilt, or misery hard,
Could quench a mother's fond regard,
Could sever nature's ties?
Could drop, forsaken and forlorn,
Her son, her suckling, newly born,
To pain a stranger's eyes?

Perhaps, once happy, artless maid!
She fell, by artifice betray'd,
And thought the vows sincere,
Which left her in a bitter hour,
For shame and anguish to devour,
Without one pitying tear.

Perhaps an outcast from her home.
Afraid to stay—unus'd to roam,
She sought in vain relief;
'Till hunger, cold, and toil, combin'd,
To numb her limbs, and wring her mind,
And break her heart with grief.

Ah, what could make, but horror wild,
A mother thus forsake her child,
And spurn the charge she bore?
Reject it from her heaving breast,
And leave it, an unbidden guest,
At a promiscuous door?

Yet not promiscuous—He, unseen,
Who know what human sorrows mean,
The wand'ring footsteps lead:
Where dwelt humanity to feel,
And ready skill was prompt to heal
Thine infant well nigh dead.

So, when a tyrant's cruel breath
Had doom'd each Hebrew son to death,
To soothe his guilty fear;
Young Moses by the rivers' side,
Within his feeble ark had died,
But providence was near.

He bid th' Egyptian Princess find
The babe and with a tender mind,
Compassionate its tears;

From ledgy Nile the Prophet rose,
Who sav'd his race, and crush'd their foes,
In his succeeding years.

Who knows but this poor little frame,
May hold a spark of future fame,
Which time shall give to shine;
Matur'd to happier days he may,
With filial love, your cares repay,
And cheer your life's decline.

Almighty love what words are thine!
"Ye outcasts, I adopt you mine!"
"Your parent, hope, and stay;
"A mother may her son forsake,
"But I my covenant will not break,
"Nor cast my child away."

[As the ladies now discard all dress, except a kind of longer *chemise*, we present them with the following parody; and sincerely hope, that it will persuade them, before the winter approaches to purchase more flannel, and fewer muslins.]

Doctor, I have lost my health,
Where, O where's my vigor?
No faithless swain, no act of stealth,
Reduc'd me to this figure.

Plump and rosy was my face,
And graceful was my form,
'Till fashion deem'd it a disgrace
To keep my body warm.

I sacrific'd to modish whim,
(What belle can ere forsake it?)
To make myself genteel and slim
I stript me almost naked.

And naked thus I must remain
'Till Fashion weds with Reason,
God grant they may united reign,
Before the frosty season.

[Mr. Cumberland's poem, *Lewina*, the maid of Snowden possesses much elegant imagery and warmth of colouring—He thus speaks of the charms of the European ladies:]

YES British females, yes to you belong
The earliest blossoms of my youthful song;
The arching brows, the hazel-rolling eye,
The open forehead, mouth of crimson dye;
The clust'ring auburn locks of burnish'd glow
That kiss your iv'ry shoulders as they flow:
The snowy whiteness of the swelling chest,
Courting the eye and suing to be prest:
Cheeks where the little loves delighted dwell,
And lips beyond what mortal lips can tell:
All those are yours, and yours, ah! more
Desir'd!

Virtue by rose cheek'd modesty attain'd:
Love, faithful love, the animated soul,
And rich fertility to crown the whole.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREER,

In your HIVE of the 27th of March last, there appeared three Mathematical Problems, set forth by John Gibbons, on which I beg leave to make a few very brief remarks.

The third Problem was proposed in the Oracle of Dauphin, May 16, 1803, by J. D. of Cumberland, and truly answered, in the same paper of June 13th following, by William Allison.—John Capp, and myself, also answered it, though our solutions did not then appear. The numbers sought are 8, 12, 18, and 27.

The first and second questions I have never seen before, they both belong to *Indeterminate Analysis*. The four numbers required in the second question, are 28, 32, 42, and 48, respectively.

The first question is one of the finest Mathematical Problems that ever was proposed—and if Mr. Gibbons really invented it, and has solved it himself—he must be considered as a profound and subtle Analyst. I am confident I shall have his thanks for informing him, (if he does not know already) that there is a little work called "The Mathematical Correspondent," published in New-York every three months, in which he may display his talents to advantage, and contribute to the improvement of science. I hope he will send this first question to the Correspondent, if it is in fact an original Problem.

Although I have a full solution, containing answers at pleasure to this curious Problem, yet, on the supposition of its future appearance elsewhere, I forbear to mention them at this time.—Should Mr. Gibbons, however, still insist on their appearance in the HIVE, they shall be given at the first notice.

ROBERT ADRAIN.

York-Town, April 19, 1805.

Blank Bonds, Apprentices and Servants Indentures, &c. &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE—WHERE

Justices of the Peace

Can be furnished with all the BLANKS required by the 100 dollar law, on the most moderate terms.

THE HIVE.

Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price TWO DOLLARS.

L A N C A S T E R, (Penn.)

PRINTED BY

M·DOWELL & GREER,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.

Where Subscriptions, at Two Dollars per annum, will be thankfully received.